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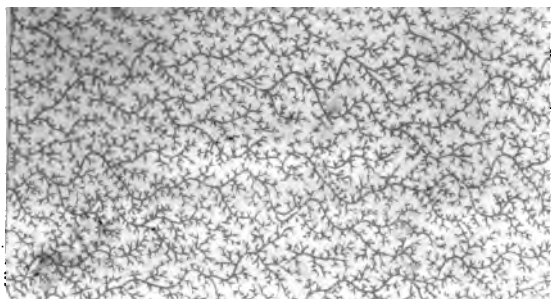
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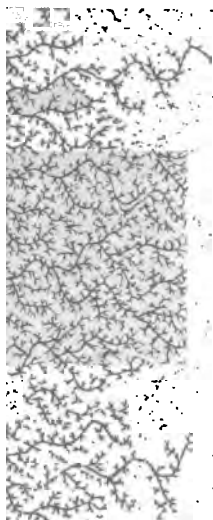


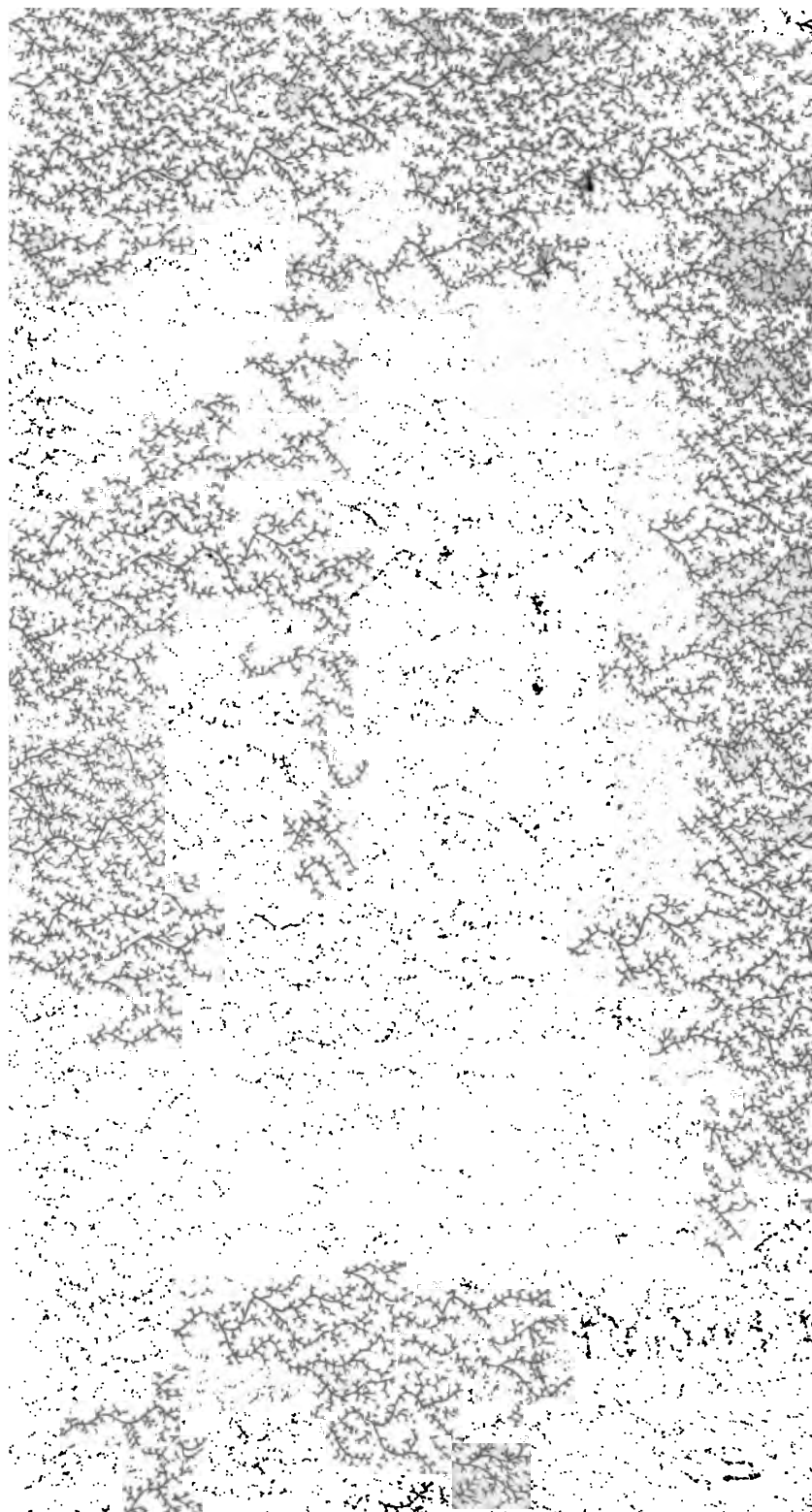
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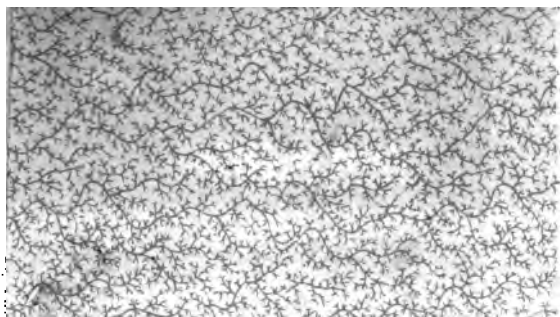


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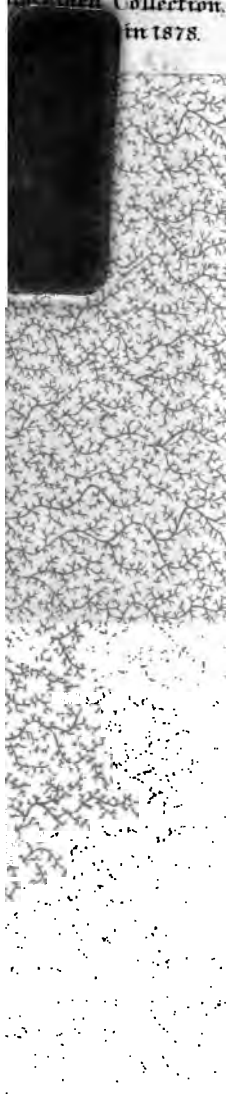


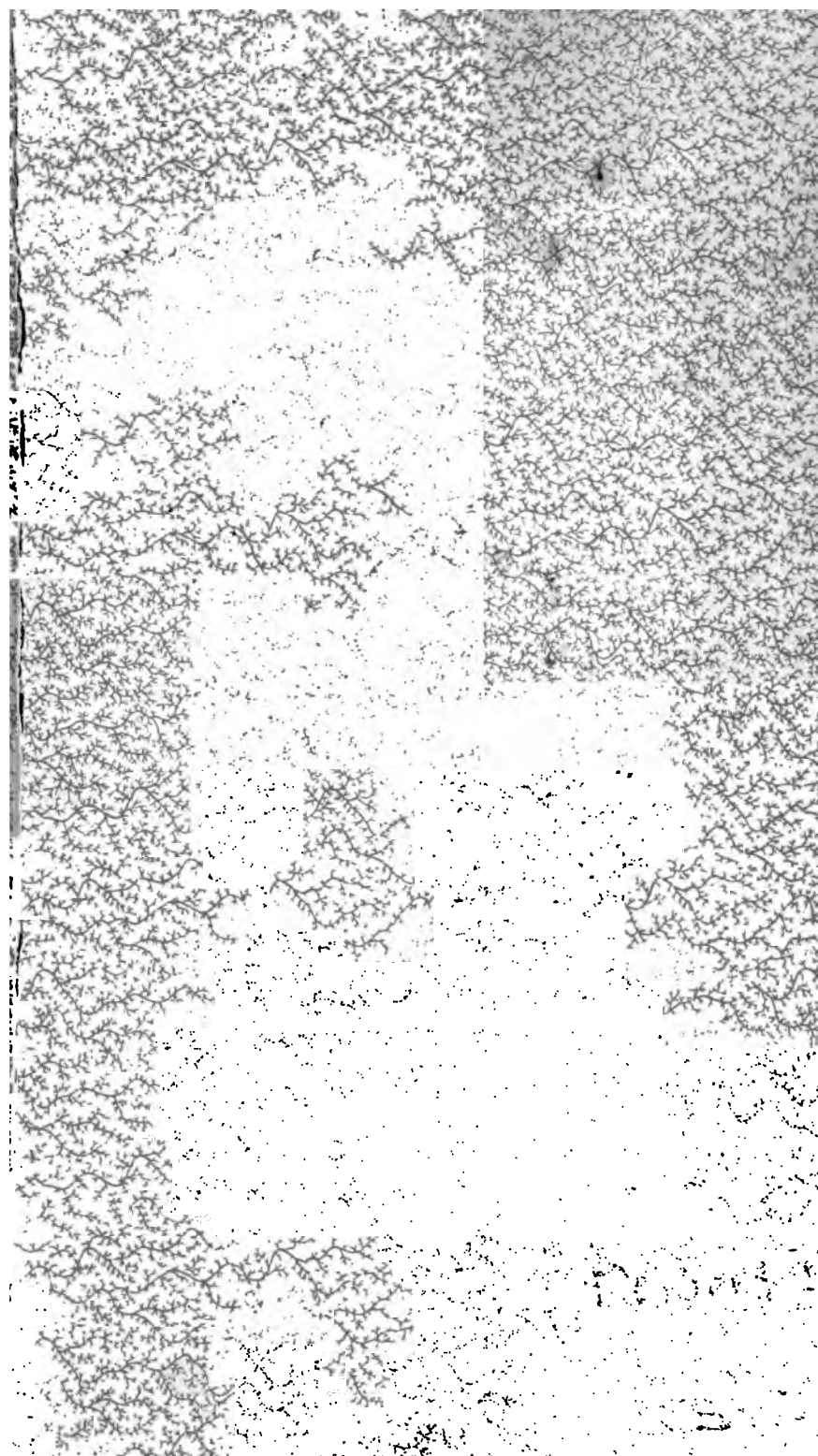


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AIRS OF PALESTINE.

AIRS OF PALESTINE



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VIA AIR

AIRS OF PALESTINE;

A POEM:

BY JOHN PIERPONT, ESQ.

I love to breathe, when Gilad sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of balm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

B. Edes, printer.

.....
1816.

District of Maryland, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this thirteenth day of November, in the forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, John Pierpont, Esquire, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

“Airs of Palestine, a Poem, by John Pierpont, Esquire.

“I love to breathe, when Gilead sheds her balm;
“I love to walk on Jordan’s banks of palm;
“I love to wet my foot in Hermon’s dew;
“I love the promptings of Isaiah’s muse:
“In Carmel’s holy grots I’ll court repose,
“And deck my mossy couch with Sharon’s deathless rose.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,” and also to the act, entitled “an act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act, for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof, to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints. . . . PHILIP MOORE,

Clerk of the District of Maryland.



E'en in a Bishop, I can spy desert;
Secker is decent; Rundel has a heart;
Manners and candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley, every virtue under Heaven.....POPE.

TO a reverend gentleman, to whom may be attributed all that Pope has here said, both of Benson and Berkley, I intended to dedicate my poem. With that view, the following remarks were written. From motives which do credit to his honesty and prudence as a Divine, and in a manner honourable to his sincerity as a gentleman, he declined receiving what I intended as a compliment to his talents and virtues. But "what I have written, I have written;" and if it must go, unprotected by the patronage of a name, let it go, and stand upon its own merits, or fall through its own weakness.

THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION.

TO _____

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

WHEN the claims of Charity are to be urged, the eye falls naturally and irresistibly upon him, who is at once the eloquent advocate in her courts, and the liberal minister at her altar. Shall I then seek any other apology than what this consideration affords, for requesting of you, the permission to exhibit your name upon a page, that is devoted to her service? By Charity, I mean not only the active benevolence which opens the hand for the relief of suffering poverty, but the more enlarged and exalted love that opens the heart, with wishes and with hopes for the happiness, here, and hereafter, of the great family of man.

Sacred Music is of vital importance to every thing else that is sacred. The cultivation of it, as a science, and the practice of it,

as an art, or as an exercise of devotion, have employed the attention, the time, and the talents of the legislator, the prophet, the musician, and the poet, from the earliest ages of Scripture History. I say of Scripture History, for though ample materials would have crowded upon my hands from profane history; in pursuing the subject of Music *generally*, I have chosen to confine myself exclusively to Sacred Music, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two notices of well authenticated facts, calculated to exhibit, in a strong point of view, the effect of Music upon animals.—Hence, though I have occasionally opened the volume of nature, to sketch a few of the numberless scenes that are there presented to the religious eye, or have perhaps, in a few instances, drawn entirely from my own imagination, most of my topics have been taken from that great fountain of Religion, Poetry, and Music—the BIBLE.

I do not pretend to have gone fully into the subject, if by that is to be understood, a particular attention to all the accounts of the effects of Sacred Music, or of the evidences of the divine approbation, of worship, offered

in that manner, which are recorded in the sacred volume. Many striking and eloquent accounts have been necessarily passed over in silence: perhaps, many which I do not recollect, but certainly not a few which have occurred to me, but which, though very impressive, I have not considered as sufficiently prominent, compared with those to which I have adverted, to atone for the offence of adding unreasonable length, to the other subjects of complaint, which the critical eye will find in my poem. The difficulty has been, not to collect materials, because they were few; but in the multiplicity which presented themselves, to select those which were best adapted to my purpose. To write more, would have been easy: may others find it so, to read what I have written.

As to the manner of treating my subject, it is my own, and I must be indulged in it. I mean this, as purely and exclusively a *religious poem*. Yet I have endeavoured to avoid, as much as possible, the technical phrases of your profession.* And here, my dear sir,

* Or, to convey my idea in one short, though inelegant word
—*Cant.*

allow me to observe, I have followed the example of one, whose authority, I am sure, *you* will not be disposed to question: an example of which, as of your whole style of preaching, I cannot avoid this opportunity of expressing my most unqualified approbation. Charge me not with flattery:—reproach me not with adulation:—I have never practised the one, and have little to expect of any man for attempting the other. Least of all, will I attempt to pass that currency upon one who is under a solemn, an official obligation, not to put off the same coin in repayment. Not to “prophecy smooth things,” is a duty, which, as a minister of our holy religion, you cannot forget. It would, therefore, be taking an unfair, an ungenerous, an ungentlemanly advantage of you, to offer you incense, which you cannot avert from yourself, by turning it back upon him who holds the censer. Yet, strange as it may seem to some, who do not know that eminence, in any department of literature, is like great wealth in civil society, in that it is always taxed, for the benefit of those who have never attained what so uniformly attracts their admiration, you, sir, will

not be astonished to find, that this very example, which I so joyfully hail, is the cause of your being called upon, to extend your hand to one who had long wished to see, but had almost despaired of seeing, that bright example set to those who minister at the altar.

In this attempt to present to your eye a religious production, divested of the technical jargon of which I have been complaining, and of which I shall go on complaining, a little longer; I have consulted not my *ease*, but my feelings, as to what is proper, and my conviction, as to what is profitable. Nothing would have been more easy, for one who has attended church for twenty-five years, during which time, he has repeatedly heard the whole set of changes rung upon the bells of the schools, to have collected *words* enough to make a book larger than that, which now solicits your patronage; which might have passed, and even been praised, as an orthodox production; but I imagine it would have contained little poetry, and *as* little religion.

I hope, sir, the few sheets that follow, contain internal evidence of the author's respect,

.

not to say high veneration, for the Christian religion, and for the sacred volume that promises us a better and a happier world. On that point, then, I shall make no professions: they are better spared than lavished. But I care not how soon it is understood, that I have no respect for a language, or rather a dialect, that owes its birth to schools and councils, of a dark and barbarous age; schools, forever contending about words darkly metaphysical, and councils, passing sentence upon the doctrines of religion, in a manner very irreligious; whose proceedings were blindly and bitterly dogmatical, and whose individual members, were, too often, bound together by only one common tie, a profession of christian love, and actuated by only one common principle, a most unchristian hostility. Still, do not mistake my meaning. In their intemperate zeal, they failed in judgment, and we pity them. Their passionate proceedings, their deadly hostility, their mutual recriminations, and bitter persecutions are to be deplored, for they threw a cloud over the morning of christianity. But it is their *language* towards which I feel this want of respect. The *men*

were certainly the great men of their respective times; possessing, in many instances, the highest natural endowments, and rendered illustrious by the greatest attainments, not only in literature, such as it was, but in piety, as then understood; displaying, in the acquirement of the one, an indefatigable industry, and in the defence of the other, an unparalleled, an unshaken fortitude. We owe these saints and patriarchs, in the early ages of our religion, much for their labours, much for their zeal; but still, we owe our Saviour and his particular friends and disciples more. While, therefore, we pity the intemperance and fanaticism exhibited at Nice and Constantinople, we cannot too much admire the sweet, the sacred simplicity, the pure, modest, meek deportment, displayed by the great Preacher upon the mount; who perplexed not the understanding of his hearers, by abstruse metaphysics, nor heated their enthusiasm by fanatical, but unintelligible declamation; why not imitate, or at least strive to imitate, that divine, that charming simplicity! Must we not admit that our Saviour was as capable of exhibiting, in his own bright example, the best

manner of inculcating the doctrines of his religion, as he was of communicating to his followers that religion itself? He came to *teach* others, and he therefore addressed their *understanding*. He opened his lips in accents of love, and they melted the heart. Sweet, however, and simple as was the language of Jesus Christ, it was elegant, it was figurative, it was poetical.

Let me not here be understood, sir,—for I am fully aware, while upon this ground, with what caution it is incumbent upon me to tread,—as meaning to discountenance or discourage the inculcating and enforcing of the truths of our religion, by appeals to the understanding, by reason, argument, logic. Far from it—A religion that could not bear all the fair scrutiny, and all the dissecting light of these, is no religion for me. Why?—because, a religion to satisfy me, must be founded upon a revelation from God to man. But a revelation to *man*, is a revelation to his *understanding*. That is the balance, in which every proposition of it should be weighed, before it should be suffered to pass current in my religious creed. It is the *forum* at

which my tenets should be arraigned, article by article. And therefore, while we cannot too faithfully and studiously imitate the irresistible and insinuating addresses of our Saviour, and the melting, tender eloquence of John, we cannot but admire the clear, forcible, masculine reasoning of Paul: nor must such a logician go off the stage, without our warmest and loudest applause. Nor, to say no more of his nervous argument, did he neglect those other departments of science, which, laying aside his divine inspiration, enabled him to dress his thoughts in such a masterly style. But the logic of St. Paul, was conversant with *ideas*, not merely their shadows; something that was palpable to his mental organs, and which he has rendered visible to ours, presented as they are to the eye, in robes so rich and flowing. Did he disdain to address, or was he unable to address, the polite, the learned, those high in office—the proconsul of Judea, or the citizens of Athens, in a language that should attract the attention of his auditors, for its elegance and classical purity?—Let the refining sectary, who opens the door of Heaven only for himself, and his few blind

and cringing followers; who has enveloped his bible, so completely in the folds of mysticism, that it can scarcely be recognized; or has buried it so deeply in the "dust of the schools" that the venerable volume is hardly conscious of its own identity; open to the *text* of Paul, and he will there* find, not only reference to the polite literature of the day, but a quotation from one of the popular satyric poets, absolutely embodied in an epistle, that was to descend to posterity, and not unworthily, with the stamp of divine inspiration.

No sir, the religion you preach, thanks not those who spread mantles over it, for the purpose of concealment. It is the religion of light, and courts the congenial effluence. Is it necessary, at this late day, to recur to the opinion of the great apostle, of whom I have been speaking, to determine as to the *profit* of speaking "in an unknown tongue?" For the sake of the reputation of christianity, and of christian teachers, I should hope not; yet how serious is the fact, if we may judge from the too frequent practice in our churches, that such recurrence

* Titus i. 12.

is seldom had, though so constantly necessary! And is it not as profitable to me, to be addressed in Hebrew, that I never *have* learned, as in English, that I never *can* learn? It is all Hebrew to me—Away, then, with *mysticism*; and away with *cant*! for so intimately are they connected, that it seems impossible to inflict a wound upon the one, without a sympathetic groan from the other.

But, to say nothing of the policy of the *clergy*, as it respects themselves; or their honesty, as it regards their master—are *we* not entitled to a fairer treatment? Shall we, when we ask of our teachers the bread of life, be sent away with a stone, which even the metaphysical patriarch of Constantinople candidly acknowledged he could not digest? Why may we not be addressed, upon theological subjects, in the same intelligible language that we have a right to claim upon topics of incomparably minor importance? I do not pay, still less do I pardon, the lawyer, whom I consult upon questions relating to my civil rights, if he opens upon me in his technical language, in which, after he has *advised* me an hour, I know no more of my case than I did before I consulted him.

Still I may have a great respect for the *laws*, and presume they are salutary, and adapted to the exigencies of society. Am I satisfied with the physician, who, when I am writhing with pain, mysteriously explains to me the nature of my disorder, and prescribes a remedy, and both in a jargon, as foreign to my comprehension as would have been a verbal prescription of Hippocrates, or as enigmatical as a response of the Pythian oracle? No—though I may be convinced of the power of *medicine*, and have a respect for the science, I suspect at once the talents and the honesty of the empiric, and despise and dismiss the quack.

Why, then, in questions of Religion; questions on which not my fortune, not my life, but my salvation depends, am I not entitled to be advised in a language that I understand: a language of every day's use in polite conversation, and elegant writing; rather than in the antiquated and obsolete vocabulary of the schools? Schoolmen may understand it; or, as was the case with the doctors of the Sorbonne, may agree to use it without understanding it; but how much the wiser, or the better, will it make the farmer, the mechanic or the merchant?

Are we to be told, that the venerable character of Religion will be endangered by dressing her in conformity to the fashion of the present day? that it will degrade the child of heaven, to strip her of the shreds and rags, with which she was hung in an age of darkness and barbarism, and which time has rendered not more dignified, but more disgusting? As well might she be invested again from the wardrobe of La Trappe, or starved with ascetics, in the caverns of Thebais.

But still are we told that Religion must depend, for a favourable reception by the world, in some measure, upon the garb in which she is made to appear? Granted:—This is my own position, and to this end let her wear the robes which are chosen by the well dressed of the present age. Is our language less copious, less polished, less dignified, less worthy of being the medium of divine communications to mankind now, than it was when Wickliffe wrote, and Cranmer was burnt? Do we revere the old and grey-headed, *because* he wears the tattered garb of other days; or is it not rather, because the frost of time, that has bleached his locks, has also frozen the boiling tide of pas-

sions, prompting to evil, and purified the soul, while it has whitened the head; so that we regard the silver honours of the one, as emblematical of the rich and spotless purity of the other?—Because the light of love has so long beamed through his eye, that the heavenly ray and its earthly medium have become inseparably incorporated?—Because the smiles of benevolence, and the charities and graces of humanity have played upon his lip, till they have left upon it their vestiges, indelibly imprinted?

Still it may be urged, that if we change in any particular the costume of Religion, the multitude, who are incapable of examining and judging for themselves, will think, that with her dress, Religion has also changed her character.

Without stopping to examine the real force of the objection, let us allow it at once, the whole weight that those who advance it will demand. Now, is it a truth that the *religion* of the fifteenth century, and still more that of the fourth and fifth centuries, was more pure than the religion of the nineteenth? that the spirit of christianity was better understood?—that its disciples were more enlightened?—its

precepts more faithfully practiced?—its doctrines more intelligently and cordially embraced? To answer in the affirmative, is at once to overthrow the pious labours of centuries: to spread over Christendom, particularly over Protestant Christendom, the gloomy pall of ignorance and superstition: to smother the light that blazes from the volume of inspiration; and to restore the empire of the faggot and the rack. Still more, it is to impeach the testimony of Eternal Truth; in that it goes to prove, that the light which shone from heaven in the religion of Jesus Christ, shall *not* grow “brighter and brighter until the perfect day,” but that those dawnings, that “day spring from on high,” shall fade, and become more and more equivocal, till the world shall be lost in total night.

Why, then, should we dress Religion in the rags of poverty, which must excite our pity; or of negligence, which must awaken our contempt; rather in such habiliments as will render her acceptable to the scholar, the gentleman and the philosopher; to the learned, the fashionable, and the polite; to the lawyer and the physician; to the merchant and the me-

chanic; to fathers and to children; and, since we do not subscribe to the Mohammedan notion, that women have no souls; why may not a subject so highly interesting to the warmest feelings, the most delicate sympathies, the fondest affections, be treated in a manner suited, at once to their refinement and delicacy, and to its own native beauty and simplicity? Why must their tenderness be wounded by the severity, or their modesty shocked by the grossness, or their unsophisticated minds perplexed by the mysterious abstruseness, in which it is so often, and let me add, so repulsively presented to their ear? Is it indeed true that "pure religion and undefiled," "that cometh from the Father of Lights," was intended to be the "closet skeleton" for ourselves, or the Gog and Magog of our children, rather than their smiling and instructive play-fellow, and our cheerful fireside companion; who is ever anxious and studiously attentive to soften the asperities of life; and to whom we look, nor look in vain, for consolation in death?

I am sometimes induced to think that the ancients, with all the heathenism with which we, in the abundance of christian humility, are

so apt to reproach them, understood this thing better than ourselves. The highest efforts of Grecian intellect, the most polished productions of Athenian taste and fancy, were devoted to the interests of Religion. And in what costume did the poets, the painters and the sculptors of Greece exhibit their divinities? Take a single example. Minerva, the patroness of Athens, whom the mythology of the country represented as having sprung from the very brain of their highest celestial intelligence, was considered a subject worthy of all the exquisite art of Phidias, encouraged by the patronage of the accomplished and popular Pericles. She was presented, in a form and a drapery worthy of her dignity and her birth. What was the consequence? The polite, the ingenious, the metaphysical, the skeptical Athenian bowed at her altar with a reverence, and worshiped in her temple, with a warmth of devotion, a depth of veneration, too rarely witnessed around altars dedicated to the Christian's God.

Shall we do less for the One God, who created us, than Heathens did for the host of Gods, whom they created? Shall a false reli-

gion gain believers by her rich, I do not mean gaudy, but chaste and elegant robes, and yet a true religion make unbelievers, by the beggarly and disgusting apparel in which she was clothed, by the wrangling logomachists of a barbarous age?

But still another will tell me, that the simplicity of the Gospel is above decoration—that “loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is when unadorned, adorned the most.” My reply is brief, for I find the subject has led me farther than I at first intended to follow it—it is this: I ask not for *decoration*; I want *simplicity*. Besides, you cannot present Religion to mankind divested of *all* covering; in her pure and native loveliness, as Eve came from the hand of her Maker. In some garb or other she *must* be dressed. We write in words, we speak in words, we think in words, and every process of reasoning is conducted by means of words; for no sooner is the infant conception embodied, than it is dressed in language, and ready to be ushered into the world—I say, I want simplicity. But simplicity does not imply poverty, any more than richness implies gaudiness. But I do not

love to see the light, that has emanated from the Deity, obscured "by words without knowledge;" words which may mean any thing, or nothing at all, either what is partially right, or what is totally wrong, according as he, who uses them, may find it an object to mislead the careless, or blind the diligent inquirer.

The object of the poem which follows, and which I have taken the liberty to recommend to your notice, is *one*, the interest of the religion of Jesus Christ—of pure unaffected piety. I know you will not suspect me of a design of encroaching unlawfully upon your grounds; and therefore, hope you will not frown upon one, who thus volunteers his feeble aid, not to your particular province, but to the empire in general. Do not invoke upon me the punishment of Uzzah, for touching the ark of the Lord. I do not fear it will fall; and I hope I do not touch it with irreverent hands.

If, however, reverend sir, I *am* culpable, in laying my hand upon that, which is under the special charge of the Levites, I am not sure that you will not yourself be implicated, as *particeps criminis*. The first sermon I ever heard from your pulpit was, almost exclusive-

ly, calculated to do justice to the claims, which Sacred Music has, to an important station, among the devotional exercises of a Christian Church. I need not say whether I listened with pleasure: nor need I remind you how much better the subject was handled by yourself, than by me—But you are a clergyman:—I am a layman:—and perhaps a few may be persuaded by the novelty of the layman's poetry, who had slumbered under the greater eloquence of the clergyman's prose; to open the BIBLE, for flowers that were scattered there by the hand of God; and for songs, which, though they may be despised by the fashionable connoisseur, have attracted the ear, and won the applause of Angels.

AIRS OF PALESTINE.

SUMMER's dun cloud, that, slowly rising, holds
The sweeping tempest in its rushing folds,
Though o'er the ridges of its thundering breast,
The King of Terrours lifts his lightning crest;
Pleas'd we behold, when those dark folds we find,
Fring'd with the golden light, that glows behind.
So when one language bound the human race,
On Shinar's plain, round Babel's mighty base,
Gloomily rose the minister of wrath;
Dark was his frown, destructive was his path;
That tower was blasted, by the touch of Heaven;
That bond was burst—that race asunder driven:
Yet, round the Avenger's brow, that frown'd above,
Play'd Mercy's beams—the lambent light of Love.

All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
Repulsive accents, from each jarring tongue;
All was not lost; for Love one tie had twin'd,
And Mercy dropp'd it, to connect mankind:
One tie, that winds, with soft and sweet control,
Its silken fibres round the yielding soul;
Binds man to man, soothes Passion's wildest strife,
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
Supplies a faithful clue, to lead the lone
And weary wanderer, to his Father's throne.

That tie is Music. How supreme her sway!
How lovely is the Power, that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock;
Her voice is echo'd by the desert rock;
For her, the asp withholds the sting of death,
And bares his fangs, but to inhale her breath;
The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair,
And crouching, listens when she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Is tamed, and led by this Enchantress still.

Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart—That heart will never feel.
'Tis hers to chain the passions, sooth the soul,
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl
From Murder's hand; to smooth the couch of Care,
Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there;
Of Pain's hot brow, to still the bounding throb,
Despair's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.

How vast her empire!—Turn through earth, through air,
Your aching eye, you find her subjects there;
Nor is the throne of heaven above her spell,
Nor yet beneath it, is the host of hell.

To her, Religion owes her holiest flame:
Her eye looks heaven-ward, for from heaven she came.
And when Religion's mild and genial ray,
Around the frozen heart, begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assail'd,
Is warm'd—made liquid—and to heaven exhal'd.

Here let us pause:—the opening prospect view:—
How fresh this mountain air!—how soft the blue,
That throws its mantle o'er the length'ning scene!
Those waving groves—those vales of living green—
Those yellow fields—that lake's cerulean face,
That meets, with curling smiles, the cool embrace
Of roaring torrents, lull'd by her to rest;—
That white cloud, melting on the mountain's breast;
How the wide landscape laughs upon the sky!
How rich the light, that gives it to the eye!

Where lies our path?—though many a vista call,
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path!—a poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre!
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;
See at his foot, the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
Between them, Tempè breathes in beds of flowers,
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels whispering on his shady sides.

Your theme is Music:—Yonder rolls the wave,
Where dolphins snatch'd Arion from his grave,
Enchanted, by his lyre:—Citheron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion play'd
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
Charm'd stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
There be thy path—for there the Muses dwell.

No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
Greece and her charms I leave, for Palestine.
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountain's blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:

In Carmel's holy grotts, I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch, with Sharon's deathless rose.

Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,
Shake their green shields, and purple odours shed;
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.

Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring;

And here—as musing on my theme divine,

I gather flowers to bloom along my line,

And hang my garland in festoons around,

Enwreath'd with clusters, and with tendrils bound;

And fondly, warmly, humbly hope the Power,

That gave perfumes and beauty to the flower,

Drew living water from this rocky shrine,

Purpled the clustering honours of the vine,

And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,

To weave a garland, will not let it wither:—

Wond'ring, I listen to the strain sublime,

That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,

Wafted in grand simplicity along,
The undying breath, the very soul of song.
Down that long vale of years, are sweetly roll'd
The mingled voices of the bards of old;
Melodious voices! bards of brightest fire!
Where each is warm, how melting is the quire!
Yet, though so blended is the concert blest,
Some master tones are heard above the rest.

O'er the cleft sea, the storm in fury rides:
Israel is safe, and Egypt tempts the tides:
Her host, descending, meets a wat'ry grave,
And o'er her monarch rolls the reflux wave.
The storm is hush'd: the billows foam no more,
But sink in smiles:—there's music on the shore.
On the wide waste of waters, dies that air
Unheard; for all is death and coldness there.
But see! the robe that brooding Silence throws
O'er Shur, reclining in profound repose,
Is rent, and scattered, by the burst of praise,
That swells the song th' astonish'd Hebrews raise.

That rending anthem on the wild was flung,
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue:¹
The first to Liberty that e'er was sung.

But if, when joy and gratitude inspire,
Such high-ton'd triumph walks along the lyre,
What are its breathings, when pale Sorrow flings
Her tearful touches, o'er its trembling strings?

At Nebo's base, that mighty bard resigns
His life and empire, in prophetic lines.²—
Heaven, all attention, round the poet bends,
And conscious earth, as when the dew descends,
Or showers as gentle, feels her young buds swell,
Her herbs shoot greener, at that fond farewell.
Rich is the song, though mournfully it flows:
And as that harp, which God alone bestows,
Is swept in concert with that sinking breath,
Its cold chords shrink, as from the touch of death.
It *was* the touch of death!—Sweet be thy slumbers,
Harp of the prophet! but those holy numbers,

That death-denoting, monitory moan,
Shall live, till Nature heaves her dying groan.
From Pisgah's top, his eye the prophet threw,
O'er Jordan's wave, where Canaan met his view.
His sunny mantle, and his hoary locks
Shone, like the robe of Winter, on the rocks.
Where is that mantle?—Melted into air.
Where is the prophet?—God can tell thee where.

So, on the brow of some romantic height,
A fleecy cloud hangs hov'ring in the light,
Fit couch for angels; which, while yet we view,
'Tis lost to earth, and all around is blue.

Whose veteran arm, already taught to urge
The battle stream, and roll its darkest surge,
Hangs over Jericho's devoted towers,³
And like the storm, o'er Sodom, redly lowers?
The moon can answer, for she heard his tongue,
And cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.⁴
The sun can tell:—O'er Gibeon's vale of blood,
Curving their beamy necks, his coursers stood,

Held by that hero's arm, to light his wrath,
And roll their glorious eyes, upon his crimson path,
What mine, exploding, rends that smoking ground?
What earthquake spreads those smouldering ruins round?
The sons of Levi, round that city, bear
The ark of God, their consecrated care,
And, in rude concert, each returning morn,
Blow the long trump, and wind the curling horn,
No blackening thunder smok'd along the wall:
No earthquake shook it:—Music wrought its fall.
The reverend hermit, that from earth retires,
Freezes to love's, to melt in holier fires,
And builds on Libanus his humble shed,^s
Beneath the waving cedars of his head;—
Year after year, with brighter views revolving,
Doubt after doubt in stronger hopes dissolving;—
Though neither pipe, nor voice, nor organ's swell,
Disturbs the silence of his lonely cell;
Yet hears enough, had nought been heard before,
To wake a holy awe, and teach him to adore,

For, e'er the day with orisons he closes,
Ere on his flinty couch, his head reposes,
A couch more downy in the hermit's sight,
Than beds of roses to the Sybarite;
As lone he muses on those naked rocks,
Heaven's last light blushing on his silver locks,
Amid the deep'ning shades of that wild mountain,
He hears the burst of many a mossy fountain,
Whose crystal rills in pure embraces mingle,
And dash, and sparkle down the leafy dingle,
There lose their liquid notes:—with grateful glow,
The hermit listens as the waters flow,
And says there's music in that mountain stream,
The storm beneath him, and the eagle's scream.

There lives around that solitary man,
The tameless music, that with time began;
Airs of the Power, that bids the tempest roar,
The cedar bow, the royal eagle soar;
The mighty Power, by whom those rocks were pil'd,
Who moves unseen, and murmurs thro' the wild.

What countless chords does that dread Being strike!

Various their tone, but all divine alike:

'Tis Mercy now, in balmy softness stealing;

'Tis Anger now, the Mighty One revealing;

There, 'tis a string that soothes with slow vibration,

And here, a burst that shakes the whole creation.

By Heaven forewarn'd, his hunted life to save,

Behold Elijah stands by Horeb's cave;

Griev'd that the God for whom he'd warmly striven,

Should see his servants into exile driven,

His words neglected, by those servants spoken,

His prophets murdered, and his altars broken.

His bleeding heart a soothing strain requires:

He hears it:—softer than *Æolian* lyres,

“A still, small voice,” like Zephyr's dying sighs,

Steals on his ear:—he may not lift his eyes,

But o'er his face his flowing mantle flings,

And hears a whisper, from the King of Kings.⁶

Yet from that very cave, from Horeb's side,

Where spreads a prospect desert, wild and wide;

The prophet sees, with reverential dread,
Dark Sinai rear his thunder-blasted head;
Where erst was pour'd on trembling Israel's ear,
A stormier peal, that Moses quak'd to hear.
In what tremendous pomp Jehovah shone,
When on that mount he fix'd his burning throne!
Thick, round its base, a shuddering gloom was flung:
Black, on its breast, a thunder cloud was hung:
Bright, through that blackness, arrowy lightnings came,
Shot from the glowing vail, that wrapp'd its head in flame.
And when that quaking mount the Eternal trod,
Scorch'd by the foot of the descending God,
Then, blasts of unseen trumpets, long and loud,
Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds, rent the cloud,
And Death and Terroure stalk'd, beneath that smoky shroud.

Seest thou that shepherd boy, of features fair,
Of eye serene, and brightly flowing hair,
That leans, in thoughtful posture, on his crook,
And statue-like, pores o'er the pebbly brook?

Yes: and why stands he there, in stupor cold?
Why not pursue those wanderers from his fold?
Or, mid the playful children of his flocks,
Toss his light limbs, and shake his amber locks,
Rather than idly gaze upon the stream?—
That boy is lost in a poetic dream:
And, while his eye follows the wave along,
His soul expatiates in the realms of song.
For oft, where yonder grassy hills recede,
I've heard that shepherd tune his rustic reed;
And then, such sweetness from his fingers stole,
I knew that Music had possessed his soul.
Oft, in her temple, shall the votary bow,
Oft, at her altar, breathe his ardent vow,
And oft suspend, along her coral walls,
The proudest trophies that adorn her halls.
Even now, the heralds of his monarch tear
The son of Jesse from his fleecy care,^s
And to the hall the ruddy minstrel bring,
Where sits a being, that was once a king.

Still, on his brow the crown of Israel gleams,
And cringing courtiers still adore its beams,
Though the bright circle throws no light divine,
But rays of hell, that melt it while they shine.

As the young harper tries each quivering wire,
It leaps and sparkles with prophetic fire,
And, with the kindling song, the kindling rays
Around his fingers tremulously blaze,
Till the whole hall, like those blest fields above,
Glow with the light of melody and love.

Soon as the foaming demon hears that psalm,
Heaven on his memory bursts, and Eden's balm;
He sees the dawns of too bright a sky;
Detects the angel, in the poet's eye;
With grasp convulsive, rends his matted hair;
Through his strain'd eye-balls shoots a fiend-like glare;
And flies, with shrieks of agony, that hall,
The throne of Israel, and the breast of Saul;
Exil'd to roam, or, in infernal pains,
To seek a refuge from that shepherd's strains.

The night was moonless:—Judah's shepherds kept
Their starlight watch:—their flocks around them slept.⁹
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turn'd,
And to the fires that there eternal burn'd.
Those azure regions had been peopled long,
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song:
And there, the simple shepherd, conning o'er
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight;¹⁰
And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,
On Israel's vales of verdure, shower the dew:
Saw there, the brilliant gems, that nightly flare,
In the thin mist of Berenicé's hair,
And there, Boötes roll his lucid wain,
On sparkling wheels, along the etherial plain;
And there, the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,
Pursue forever the star-studded Lyre;
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's Charioteer
Urgè round the Cynosure his bright career.

While thus the shepherds watch'd the host of night,
O'er heaven's blue concave flash'd a sudden light.
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine,
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;
And lo! descending angels, hovering there,
Stretch'd their loose wings, and in the purple air,
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold:—
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran:
“Glory to God;—benevolence to man;—
Peace to the world:”—and in full concert came,
From silver tubes, and harps of golden frame,
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
Lingered, and languished, on Judea's plains.
Yon living lamps, charm'd from their chambers blue,
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew:
All?—all, but one, that hung and burn'd alone,
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar,
Glow unextinguished;—'twas Salvation's Star.

Hear'st thou that solemn symphony, that swells
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells?
From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound,
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.
The wretch, who long, in dungeons cold and dank,
Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank
Might break the grave-like silence of that prison,
On which the Star of Hope had never risen;
Then sunk in slumbers, by despair oppress,
And dream'd of freedom in his broken rest;
Wakes at the music of those mellow strains,
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.
'Tis Paul and Silas; who, at midnight, pay
To Him of Nazareth, a grateful lay.
Soon is that anthem wafted to the skies:
An angel bears it, and a God replies.
With thundering crash, are burst bolts, bars and locks;
Rent are their chains, and shivered are their stocks;¹¹
Strong tides of light gush through the yielding doors,
Glance on the walls, and flash along the floors.

Fix'd in dismay, the shuddering keepers gaze
At the bright suns, on Freedom's brow that blaze,
As she descends to break the prisoners' bars,
Whose music charmed her from her kindred stars.

'Tis night again: for Music loves to steal
Abroad at night; when all her subjects kneel,
In more profound devotion at her throne:
And, at that sober hour, she'll sit alone,
Upon a bank, by her sequestered cell,
And breathe her sorrows through her wreathed shell.
Again 'tis night—the diamond lights on high,
Burn bright, and dance harmonious through the sky;
And Silence leads her downy footed hours,
Round Sion's hill, and Salem's holy towers.
The Lord of Life, with his few faithful friends,
Drown'd in mute sorrow, down that hill descends.
They cross the stream that bathes its foot, and dashes
Around the tomb, where sleep a monarch's ashes;¹²
And climb the steep, where oft the midnight air
Received the Sufferer's solitary prayer.

There, in dark bowers imbosomed, Jesus flings
His hand celestial o'er prophetic strings;
Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory;
And, while the group, each hallowed accent gleaning,
On pilgrim's staff, in pensive posture leaning—
Their reverend beards, that sweep their bosoms, wet
With the chill dews of shady Olivet—
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow,¹³
With their lov'd Lord, whose death shall shroud the morrow.
Heavens! what a strain was that! those matchless tones,
That ravish "Princedom, Domination, Throne;"
That, heard on high, had hush'd those peals of praise,
That seraphs swell, and harping angels raise,
Soft, as the wave from Siloa's fount that flows,
Through the drear silence of the mountain rose.
How sad the Saviour's song! how sweet! how holy!
The last he sung on earth:—how melancholy!
Along the valley sweep the expiring notes:
On Kedron's wave the melting music floats:

From her blue arch, the lamp of evening flings
Her mellow lustre, as the Saviour sings:
The moon above, the wave beneath is still,
And light and music mingle on the hill.

The glittering guard, whose viewless ranks invest
The brook's green margin, and the mountain's crest,
Catch that unearthly song, and soar away,
Leave this dark orb, for fields of endless day,
And round th' Eternal's throne, on buoyant pinions play.

Ye glowing seraphs, that enchanted swim,
In seas of rapture, as ye tune the hymn
Ye bore from earth—O say, ye choral quires,
Why in such haste to wake your golden lyres?
Why, like a flattering, like a fleeting dream,
Leave that lone mountain, and that silent stream?
Say, could not then the "Man of Sorrows" claim
Your shield of adamant, your sword of flame?—
Hell forc'd a smile, at your retiring wing,
And man was left—to crucify your King.

But must no other sweets perfume my wreath,
Than Carmel's hill and Sharon's valley breathe?
Are holy airs borne only through the skies,
Where Sinai thunders, and where Horeb sighs?
And move they only o'er Arabia's sea,
Bethesda's pool, the lake of Galilee?
And does the hand that bids Judea bloom,
Deny its blossoms to the desert's gloom?
No:—turn thine eye, in visionary glance,
To scenes beyond old Ocean's blue expanse,
Where vast La Plata rolls his weight along,
Through worlds unknown to science and to song,
And, sweeping proudly o'er his boundless plain,
Repels the foaming billows of the main.
Let Fancy lap thee in Paraguay's bowers,
And scatter round thee Nature's wildest flowers;
For Nature there, since first her opening eye
Hail'd the bright orb her Father hung on high,
Still wraps the mantle round her virgin breast,
In which her smiling infancy was drest.

There, through the clouds, stupendous mountains rise,
And lift their icy foreheads to the skies;
There, blooming valleys and secure retreats
Bathe all thy senses in voluptuous sweets:
Reclining there, beneath a bending tree,
Fraught with the fragrant labours of the bee,
Admire with me, the birds of varied hue,
That hang, like flowers of orange and of blue,
Among the broad magnolia's cups of snow,
Quaffing the perfumes, from those cups that flow.
But, is all peace, beneath the mountain shade?
Do Love and Mercy haunt that sunny glade,
And sweetly rest upon that lovely shore,
When light retires, and nature smiles no more?
No:—there, at midnight, the hoarse tiger growls:
There, the gaunt wolf sits on his rock, and howls:
And there, in painted pomp, the yelling Indian prowls.
Round the bold front of yon projecting cliff,
Shoots on white wings the missionary's skiff,

And, walking steadily along the tide,
Seems, like a phantom, o'er the wave to glide,
Unfolding to the breeze her light cymar,
And bearing on her breast the Apostolic star.
That brilliant orb the bless'd Redeemer hurl'd,
From his pierc'd hand, ere he forsook the world.
Lanch'd by that hand, the sphere, divinely bright,
Has left on eastern clouds, its path of light,
And, in a radiant curve, descends to bless
Parana's wave, Paraguay's wilderness.
See! it has check'd its lucid course, and now
Lights on the intrepid Jesuit's humble prow,¹⁴
Brightens his sail, with its celestial glow,
And gilds the emerald wave, that rolls below.

Lo, at the stern, the priest of Jesus rears
His reverend front, plough'd by the share of years.
He takes his harp:—the spirits of the air
Breathe on his brow, and interweave his hair,
In silky flexure, with the sounding strings:—
And hark!—the holy missionary sings.

'Tis the Gregorean chant:—with him unites,
On either hand, his quire of neophytes,
While the boat cleaves its liquid path along,
And waters, woods and winds protract the song.

Those unknown strains the forest war-whoop hush:
Huntsmen and warriors from their cabins rush,
Heed not the foe, that yells defiance nigh,
See not the deer, that dashes wildly by,
Drop from their hand the bow and rattling quiver,
Crowd to the shore, and plunge into the river,
Breast the green waves, the enchanted bark that toss,
Leap o'er her sides, and kneel before the cross:
While warm tears, mingling with baptismal waters,
Wash from the soul, the stain of savage slaughters.

Hear yon poetic pilgrim of the west,
Chant Music's praise, and to her power attest.¹⁵
Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods,
Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods,
And flowery bridges o'er them loosely throws;—
Who hangs the canvass where Atala glows,

On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded,
That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded;—
Who, for the son of Outalissi twines,
Beneath the shade of ever whispering pines,
A funeral wreath, to bloom upon the moss,
That Time already sprinkles on the cross,
Rais'd o'er the grave, where his young virgin sleeps,
And Superstition o'er her victim weeps;—
Whom now, the silence of the dead surrounds,
Among Scioto's monumental mounds;
Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears
A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years,
To swell the mass, that Time and Ruin throw,
O'er chalky bones, that mouldering lie below,
By virtues unembalm'd, unstain'd by crimes,
Lost in those towering tombs of other times;
For where no bard has cherish'd Virtue's flame,
No ashes sleep in the warm sun of Fame.—
With sacred lore, this traveller beguiles
His weary way, while o'er him Fancy smiles.

Whether he kneels in venerable groves,
Or through the wide and green savanna roves,
His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears
The faintest cadence of Idumea's airs.

Now, he recalls the lamentable wail,
That pierc'd the shades of Rama's palmy vale¹⁶
When Murder struck, thron'd on an infant's bier,
A note, for Satan's, and for Herod's ear.
Now, on a bank, o'erhung with waving wood,
Whose falling leaves flit o'er Ohio's flood,
The pilgrim stands; and o'er his memory rushes
The mingled tide of tears, and blood, that gushes
Along the valleys, where his childhood stray'd,
And round the temples, where his fathers pray'd.
How fondly then, from all but Hope exil'd,
To Zion's woe recurs Religion's child!
He sees the tear of Judah's captive daughters
Mingle, in silent flow, with Babel's waters;
While Salem's harp, by patriot pride unstrung,
Wrapp'd in the mist, that o'er the river hung,

Felt but the breeze, that wanton'd o'er the billow,
And the long, sweeping fingers of the willow.

And could not Music sooth the captive's woe?—
But should that harp be strung for Judah's foe?

While thus the enthusiast roams along the stream,
Balanc'd between a revery and a dream,
Backward he springs: and, through his bounding heart,
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.
For, in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,
Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,
Just in the act, with greenly venom'd fangs,
To strike the foot, that heedless o'er him hangs.
Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides;
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;
His parching jaws, with anger rise and swell;
On his keen eye there lies a spark of hell;
While, like a vapour, o'er his writhing rings,
Whirls his light tail, that threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb Fear removes her icy fingers
From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,
The pilgrim, conscious of the unequal fight,
Conscious of danger, too, in sudden flight,
From his soft flute, throws Music's air around,
And meets his foe, upon enchanted ground.
See! as the plaintive melody is flung,
The lightning flash fades on the serpent's tongue;
The uncoiling reptile, o'er each shining fold,
Throws changeful clouds of azure, green and gold:
A softer lustre twinkles in his eye;
His neck is burnished with a glossier dye;
His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,
And his relaxing circles roll in light.—
Slowly the charm retires:—with waving sides,
Along its track the graceful listner glides;
While Music throws her silver cloud around,
And bears her votary off, in magic folds of sound.
On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,

Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales,
Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.
High o'er Mont Alto, walks, in maiden pride,
Night's queen:—he sees her image on that tide,
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest,
Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest;
Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,
Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore;
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed
Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.
How mild the empire of that virgin queen!
How dark the mountain's shade! how still the scene!
Hush'd by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,
Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir
The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,
Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,
Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.

Hark!—'tis a convent's bell:—its midnight chime.
For music measures even the march of Time:—

O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,
Gray turrets rise:—the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar:—a low and solemn swell,
From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night?
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, rob'd in white,
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
Triumphant is the spell! with raptur'd ear,
That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near;—
Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss,
A lovelier scence, a sweeter song than this!

On Caledonia's hills, the ruddy morn
Breathes fresh:—the huntsman winds his clamorous horn.
The youthful minstrel from his pallet springs,
Seizes his harp, and tunes its slumbering strings.
Lark-like he mounts o'er gray rocks, thunder-riven,
Lark-like he cleaves the white mist, tempest driven,

And lark-like carols, as the cliff he climbs,
Whose oaks were vocal with his earliest rhymes.
With airy foot he treads that giddy height;
His heart all rapture, and his eye all light;
His voice all melody, his yellow hair
Floating and dancing in the mountain air,
Shaking from its loose folds the liquid pearls,
That gather clustering on his golden curls;—
And, for the moment, gazes on a scene,
Ting'd with deep shade, dim gold, and brightening green;
Then plays a mournful prelude, while the star
Of morning fades:—but when heaven's gates unbar,
And on the world a tide of glory rushes,
Burns on the hill, and down the valley blushes;
The mountain bard in livelier numbers sings,
While sunbeams warm and gild the conscious strings,
And his young bosom feels the enchantment strong,
Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy, and song.
From rising morn, the tuneful stripling roves,
Through smiling valleys and religious groves;

Hears there, the flickering blackbird strain his throat,
Here, the lone turtle pour her mournful note,
Till night descends, and round the wanderer flings
The dew drops, dripping from her dusky wings.
Far from his native vale, and humble shed,
By nature's smiles, and nature's music led,
This child of melody has thoughtless stray'd,
Till darkness wraps him in her deep'ning shade.
The scene he smil'd on, when array'd in light,
Now lowers around him with the frown of night.

With weary foot the nearest height he climbs,
Crown'd with huge oaks, giants of other times;
Who feel, but fear not autumn's breath, and cast
Their summer robes upon the roaring blast,
And glorying in their majesty of form,
Toss their old arms, and challenge every storm.
Below him, Ocean rolls:—deep in a wood,
Built on a rock, and frowning o'er the flood,
Like the dark Cyclops of Trinacria's isle,
Rises an old and venerable pile.

Gothic its structure; once a cross it bore,
And pilgrims throng'd to hail it and adore.
Mitres and crosiers awed the trembling friar,
The solemn organ led the chanting quire,
When in those vaults the midnight dirge was sung,
And o'er the dead, a *requiescat* rung.—
Now, all is still:—the midnight anthem hush'd:—
The cross is crumbled, and the crosier crush'd.
And is all still?—No: round those ruin'd altars,
With feeble foot as our musician falters,
Faint, weary, lost, benighted and alone,
He sinks, all trembling, on the threshold stone.
Here, nameless fears the young enthusiast chill:
They're superstitious, but religious still.
He hears the sullen murmur of the seas,
That tumble round the stormy Orcades,
Or, deep beneath him, burst with boundless roar,
Their sparkling surges on that savage shore;
And thinks a spirit rolls the weltering waves
Through rifted rocks, and hollow rumbling caves.

Round the dark windows, clasping ivy clings,
Twines round the porch, and in the sea-breeze swings;
Its green leaves rustle:—heavy winds arise:
The low cells echo, and the dark hall sighs.
Is that some demon's shriek, so loud and shrill,
Whose flapping robes sweep o'er the stormy hill?
No—'tis the mountain blast, that nightly rages,
Around those walls, gray with the moss of ages.
Is that a ghost's red eye, beneath his shroud?
No—'tis a star that glimmers through a cloud.
Is that a lamp sepulchral, whose pale light
Shines in yon vault, before a spectre white?
No:—'tis a meteor, swimming through the hall,
Or glow-worm, burning greenly on the wall.
What mighty organ swells its deepest tone,
And sighing heaves a low, funeral moan,
That murmurs through the cemetery's glooms,
And throws a deadlier horror round its tombs?
Sure, some dread spirit o'er the keys presides!
The same that lifts these darkly thundering tides;

Or, homeless, shivers o'er an unclosed grave;
Or shrieking, off at sea, bestrides the white-maned wave.

Yes!—'tis some Spirit that those skies deforms,
And wraps in billowy clouds that hill of storms.

Yes:—'tis a Spirit in those vaults that dwells,
Illumes that hall, and murmurs in those cells.

Yes:—'tis *some* Spirit on the blast that rides,
And wakes the eternal tumult of the tides.

That Spirit broke the poet's morning dream,
Led him o'er woody hill and babbling stream,
Lur'd his young foot to every vale that rung,
And charm'd his ear in every bird that sung;
With various concerts cheer'd his hours of light,
But kept the mightiest in reserve till night;
Then, thron'd in darkness, peal'd that wildest air,
Froze his whole soul, and chain'd the listner there.

That Mighty Spirit once from Teman came:
Clouds were his chariot, and his coursers flame.¹
Bow'd the perpetual hills:—the rivers fled:—
Green Ocean trembled to his deepest bed:—

Earth shrunk agast:—eternal mountains burn'd,
And his red axle thunder'd as it turn'd.

O! Thou Dread Spirit! Being's End and Source!
O! check thy chariot in its fervid course.
Bend from thy throne of darkness and of fire,
And with one smile immortalize our lyre.
Amid the cloudy lustre of thy throne,
Though wreathy tubes, unheard on earth, are blown,
Swelling one ceaseless song of praise to thee,
Eternal Authour of Eternity!
Still *hast* thou stoop'd to hear a shepherd play,
To prompt his measures, and approve his lay.
Hast thou grown old, Thou, who forever livest!
Hast thou forgotten, Thou, who memory givest!
How, on the day thine ark, with loud acclaim,
From Zion's hill to Mount Moriah came,
Beneath the wings of Cherubim to rest,
In a rich vail of Tyrian purple drest;
When harps and cymbals join'd in echoing clang,
When psalteries tinkled, and when trumpets rang,
And white rob'd Levites round thine altar sang;

Thou didst descend, and, rolling through the crowd,
Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,
And fill the temple, with thy mantling cloud.¹⁸
And now, Almighty Father, well we know,
When humble strains from grateful bosoms flow,
Those humble strains grow richer as they rise,
And shed a balmier freshness on the skies.

What though no Cherubim are here display'd,
No gilded walls, no cedar collonade,
No crimson curtains hang around our quire,
Wrought by the ingenious artisan of Tyre;
No doors of fir on golden hinges turn;
No spicy gums in golden censers burn;
No frankincense, in rising volumes, shrouds
The fretted roof in aromattick clouds;
No royal minstrel, from his ivory throne,
Gives thee his father's numbers or his own;—
If humble love, if gratitude inspire,
Our strain shall silence even the temple's quire,
And rival Michael's trump, nor yield to Gabriel's lyre.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays,
Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.
The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,
The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fann'd,
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spann'd,
The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,
The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,
The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,
The scorching bolt, that from thine armory hurl'd,
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;
All these are music to Religion's ear;—
Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.
Thy hand invested in their azure robes,
Thy breath made buoyant yonder circling globes,

That bound and blaze along the elastic wires,
That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,
And in that high and radiant concave tremble,
Beneath whose dome, adoring hosts assemble,
To catch the notes, from those bright spheres that flow,
Which mortals dream of, but which angels know.

Before thy throne, three sister Graces kneel;
Their holy influence let our bosoms feel!
FAITH, that with smiles lights up our dying eyes;
HOPE, that directs them to the opening skies;
And CHARITY, the loveliest of the three,
That can assimilate a worm to thee.
For her our organ breathes; to her we pay
The heart-felt homage of an humble lay;
And while to her symphonious chords we string,
And Silence listens while to her we sing,
While round thine altar swells our evening song,
And vaulted roofs the dying notes prolong,
The strain we pour to her, wilt thou approve,
For LOVE is CHARITY, and THOU art LOVE.

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ That rending anthem on the wild was flung,
From Miraim's timbrel and from Moses' tongue.

For the song of Moses, on this occasion, see Exodus xv. 1—22.

² At Nebo's base, that mighty bard resigns
His life and empire, in prophetic lines.

See the whole of the pathetic and eloquent valedictory address of Moses to the Israelites, in the xxxii. chapter of Deuteronomy, from the beginning to the 43d verse. His death, and other events here mentioned, follow in regular course.

³ Hangs over Jericho's devoted towers,
And, like the storm o'er Sodom, redly lowers.

For the account of the destruction of Jericho, by the Jews, under the command of Joshua, see *Joshua* vi. particularly verse 20th, "So the people shouted, when the priests blew the trumpets; and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpets, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city."

⁴ And cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.

Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until

the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.'—*Josh.* x. 12, 13.

⁵ And builds on Libanus his humble shed,

Horeb et Sinai, le Carmel et le *Liban*, le torrent de Cedron, et la vallée de Josaphat, redise encore la gloire de l'habitant de la cellule et de l'*anachorète du rocher*.—*Génie du Christianisme*, tom iv. p. 48, *Lyons Edit.*

⁶ But o'er his face his flowing mantle flings,
And hears a whisper, from the King of Kings.

And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And behold there came a voice unto him, and said, what dost thou here, Elijah?—1 *Kings*, xix. 12—13.

⁷ In what tremendous pomp Jehovah shone,
When on that mount he fixed his burning throne!

See the sublime account of the descent of God upon Mount Sinai.—*Exodus* xix. particularly from the 16th to the 19th verse, as also *Heb.* xii. 18—21.

⁸ Even now, the heralds of his monarch tear
The son of Jesse from his fleecy care.

Wherefore Saul sent out messengers unto Jesse, and said, Send me David thy son, which is with the sheep. And Jesse took an ass, laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by David his son unto Saul. And David came to Saul, and stood before him; and he loved him greatly, and he became his armour-bearer. And Saul sent to Jesse, saying, Let David, I pray thee, stand before me; for he hath found favour in my sight. And it came to pass that when the evil spirit

from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.—1 *Sam.* xvi. 19—23.

⁹ The night was moonless: Judah's shepherds kept
Their starlight watch;—their flocks around them slept.

And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks, by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them. See the whole account, *Luke* ii. 8—15.

¹⁰ Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight.

To the reader, who is but superficially acquainted with astronomy, no explanatory note is here necessary. To others it is enough to observe, that the Swan, the Eagle, Berenicè's lock, Boötes, the Pleiades, the Lyre, and Auriga or the Charioteer, are the names of constellations, or the parts of constellations, visible in the northern hemisphere—of course in Palestine.—Cynosure is the classical name of the Pole-star.

¹¹ With thundering crash, are burst bolts, bars and locks;
Bent are their chains, and shivered are their stocks.

And when they had laid many stripes upon them, (Paul and Silas) they cast them into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely, who having received such a charge, thrust them into the prison, and made their feet fast in the *stocks*. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and *sang praises* unto God, and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, and immediately the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed.—*Acts*, xvi. 23—26.

¹² They cross the stream that bathes its foot, and dashes
Around the tomb where sleep a monarch's ashes.

The valley of Jehoshaphat is between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, on the east. Through this valley flows the brook Kedron, or Cedron: on the eastern bank of this river, stands the tomb of Jehoshaphat.

¹³ ————— they pour the song of sorrow,
With their lov'd Lord, —————

In this deeply interesting scene, I have taken the liberty of varying the *order* in which the events of the evening before the crucifixion occurred; in that I have supposed the hymn to be sung after crossing the Kedron, and ascending the mount of Olives—rather than in the supper chamber, as stated by Matthew. With this acknowledgment, I presume the *license* will be excused. I considered the scene thus laid, more poetical and not less solemn or religious.—See *Matth.* xxvi. 30, 31.

¹⁴ Lights on the intrepid Jesuit's humble prow.

Let not the Protestant reader be alarmed at seeing a Jesuit, in company with Music and Religion. I do assure him, it is a supposable case. I am not ignorant of the fact, that many accounts of the arts and ambition of this order of christians, have been given to the world, which are not the most favourable to the purity or disinterestedness of their piety; and I am well aware, that, if poetry and fiction are synonymous terms, there is but little poetry in too many of these accounts. But let the protestant reader recollect, that most of these views have been drawn by protestant pencils.—“Let us lions be the painters,” say the Jesuits, and we will shew you a very different picture. One of their pieces of coloured canvass I will lay before my readers, as well to shew that I do not think the above request

unreasonable, as to explain what may want explanation, in this scene of my poem:

“Il restait encore, aux pieds des Cordilières, vers le côté qui regarde l’Atlantique, entre l’*Orénoque* et *Rio de la Plata*, un pays immense, rempli de Sauvages, où les Espagnols n’avaient point porté la dévastation. Ce fut dans ces épaisses forêts que les missionnaires entreprirent de former une république chrétienne, et de donner du moins à un petit nombre d’Indiens, le bonheur qu’ils n’avaient pu procurer à tous.

“Ils commencèrent par obtenir de la cour d’Espagne la liberté de tous les Sauvages qu’ils parviendraient à réunir. A cette nouvelle, les colons se soulevèrent; ce ne fut qu’à force d’esprit et d’adresse que les Jésuites surprirent, pour ainsi dire, la permission de verser leur sang dans les forêts du Nouveau-Monde. Enfin, ayant triomphé de la cupidité et de la malice humaine; méditant un des plus nobles desseins qu’ait jamais conçus un cœur d’homme, ils s’embarquèrent pour *Rio de la Plata*.

“C’est dans ce grand fleuve que vient se perdre cet autre fleuve, qui a donné son nom au pays et aux missions, dont nous retraçons l’histoire. *Paraguay*, dans la langue des Sauvages, signifie le *Fleuve couronné*, parce qu’il prend sa source dans le lac *Xarayés*, qui lui sert comme de couronne. Avant d’aller grossir *Rio de la Plata*, il reçoit les eaux du *Parana* et de l’*Uruguay*. Des forêts qui renferment dans leur sein d’autres forêts tombées de vieillesse, des marais et des plaines entièrement inondées dans la saison des pluies, des montagnes qui élèvent des déserts sur des déserts, forment une partie des vastes régions que le *Paraguay* arrose. Le gibier de toute espèce y abonde, ainsi que les tigres et les ours. Les bois sont remplis d’abeilles, qui font une cire fort blanche, et un miel très parfumé. On y voit des oiseaux d’un plumage éclatant, et qui

ressemblent à de grandes fleurs rouges et bleues, sur la verdure des arbres. Un missionnaire Français, qui s'était égaré dans ces solitudes, en fait la peinture suivante.

“Je continuai ma route, sans savoir à quel terme elle devait aboutir, et sans qu'il y eût personne qui pût me l'enseigner. Je trouvais quelquefois au milieu de ces bois des endroits enchantés. Tout ce que l'étude et l'industrie des hommes ont pu imaginer pour rendre un lieu agréable, n'approche point de ce que la simple nature y avait rassemblé de beautés.

“Ces lieux charmans me rappelèrent les idées que j'avais eues autrefois, en lisant les vies des anciens solitaires de la Thébaïde; il me vint en pensée de passer le reste de mes jours dans ces forêts où la Providence m'avait conduit, pour y vaquer uniquement à l'affaire de mon salut, loin de tout commerce avec les hommes; mais comme je n'étais pas le maître de ma destinée, et que les ordres du Seigneur m'étaient certainement marqués par ceux de mes supérieurs, je rejatai cette pensée comme une illusion.”

“Les Indiens que l'on rencontrait dans ces retraites, ne leur ressemblaient que par le côté affreux. Race indolente, stupide et féroce, elle montrait dans toute sa laideur l'homme primitif dégradé par sa chute. Rien ne prouve davantage la dégénération de la nature humaine, que la petitesse du Sauvage, dans le grandeur du désert.

“Arrivés à *Buenos Ayres*, les missionnaires remontèrent *Rio de la Plata*, et entrant dans les eaux du *Paraguay*, se dispersèrent dans ses bois sauvages. Les anciennes relations nous les représentent, un bréviaire sous le bras gauche, une grande croix à la main droite, et sans autre provision que leur confiance en Dieu. Ils nous les peignent, se faisant jour à travers les forêts, marchant dans des terres marécageuses où ils avaient de l'eau jusqu'à la ceinture, gravissant des roches escarpées, et furetant

dans les antres et les précipices, au risque d'y trouver des serpens et des bêtes féroces, au lieu des hommes qu'ils y cherchaient.

Plusieurs d'entr'eux; y moururent de faim et de fatigues d'autres furent massacrés et dévorés par les Sauvages. Le père *Lizardi* fut trouvé percé de flèches sur un rocher; son corps était à demi déchiré par les oiseaux de proie, et son bréviaire était ouvert auprès de lui à l'office des Morts. Quand un missionnaire rencontrait ainsi les restes d'un de ses compagnons, il s'empressait de leur rendre les honneurs funèbres; et plein d'une grande joie, il chantait un *Te Deum* solitaire sur le tombeau du Martyr.

De pareilles scènes, renouvelées à chaque instant, étonnaient les hordes barbares. Quelquefois elles s'arrêtaient autour du prêtre inconnu qui leur parlait de Dieu, et elles regardaient le ciel que l'apôtre leur montrait; quelquefois elles le fuyaient comme un enchanteur, et se sentaient saisies d'une frayeur étrange: le Religieux les suivait en leur tendant les mains au nom de Jesus-Christ. S'il ne pouvait les arrêter, il plantait sa grande croix dans un lieu découvert, et s'allait cacher dans les bois. Les Sauvages s'approchaient peu à peu pour examiner l'étendard de paix, élevé dans la solitude; un aimant secret semblait les attirer à ce signe de leur salut. Alors le missionnaire sortant tout-à-coup de son embuscade, et profitant de la surprise des Barbares, les invitait à quitter une vie misérable pour jouir des douceurs de la société.

«Quand les Jésuites se furent attaché quelques Indiens, ils eurent, recours à un autre moyen pour gagner des âmes. Ils avaient remarqué que les Sauvages de ces bords étaient fort sensibles à la musique; on dit même que les eaux du Paraguay rendent la voix plus belle. Les missionnaires s'embarquèrent donc sur des pirogues avec les nouveaux catéchumènes; ils remontér-

ent les fleuves, en chantant de saints cantiques. Les néophytes répétaient les airs, comme des oiseaux privés chantent pour attirer dans les rets de l'oiseleur les oiseaux sauvages. Les Indiens ne manquèrent point de se venir prendre au doux piège. Ils descendaient de leurs montagnes, et accouraient au bord des fleuves, pour mieux écouter ces accens. Plusieurs d'entr'eux se jetaient dans les ondes, et suivaient à la nage la nacelle enchantée. La lune, en répandant sa lumière mystérieuse sur ces scènes extraordinaires, achevait d'attendrir les cœurs. L'arc et la flèche échappaient à la main du Sauvage; l'avant-goût des vertus sociales, et les premières douceurs de de l'humanité, entraient dans son ame confuse. Il voyait sa femme et son enfant pleurer d'une joie inconnue; bientôt subjugué par un attrait irrésistible, il tombait au pied de la croix, et mêlait des torrens de larmes aux eaux régénératrices qui coulaient sur sa tête.

Ainsi la religion chrétienne réalisait dans les forêts de l'Amerique, ce que la fable raconte des Amphion et des Orphée: réflexion si naturelle, qu'elle s'est présentée même aux missionnaires; tant il est certain qu'on ne dit ici que la vérité en ayant l'air de raconter une fiction."—*Chateaubriand, Génie du Christianisme, tom. VIII. chap. iv. p. 40—48.*

¹⁵ Hear yon poetic pilgrim of the west,
Chant Music's praise, and to her power attest.

Chateaubriand.—Perhaps I ought to apologize to this gentleman,—perhaps I owe the apology to the reader, for so frequently making use of his name. The truth is, I find him very useful. If the facts stated by him are adapted to my purpose, I have a right to use them; if the truth of his stories is questionable, his is the responsibility, not mine. I screen myself from blame, if

"I tell the tale as 'tis told to me."

This gentleman, it seems, has travelled through the United States, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence. In Florida and the western States, he has laid the scene of his "Atala," an exquisite little assemblage of beauties and absurdities. This little poem, or rather episode, forms a part of his great work 'Génie du Christianisme,' or the Beauties of the Christian Religion. It has been translated separately and will be read with pleasure, by most lovers of polite literature. The allusions here to Atala may be briefly explained by observing that Chactas, son of Outalissi is the hero, and Atala the heroine of the poem—that Atala poisons herself rather than violate an oath of celibacy, imposed by little less than the legal *duress per minas*; and this act, upon which a coroner's inquest would return a verdict either of suicide, or insanity, is considered by our author, as an unequivocal proof of her piety. The Florida scenery—the live-oak, mantled in its loose mossy drapery—the laurel—the jessamine that hangs in graceful festoons over the waters—are all beautifully described, because the painting is from the life. His notice of the celebrated and wonderful *barrows*, or monumental *tumuli*, upon our western rivers, and his story of the serpent, charmed by the flute of the Canadian, will be seen in the passages here introduced from his work.

As to the story of the snake, what he says he *saw*, we may perhaps believe, particularly as accounts somewhat similar are given by others. Besides, though M. de Chateaubriand certainly does tell tales, that occasionally happen to partake of the marvellous, I do not know that he has yet been publicly convicted of stating what is false, in regard to what has fallen under his own observation. There are those, indeed, who question his veracity even there—where he has nothing to do

with saints or legends—and I must, for myself, confess that my own opinion of his veracity has been somewhat shaken, by a French gentleman, a general officer under Bonaparte, and for sometime a member of the National Institute, who tells me that he knows M. de Chateaubriand personally, though not *intimately*—for he claims to be a man of *honour*, and appears to be so—and that he knows him not only to be, but to have been, in the pay of the French police, as a *spy* upon his fellow citizens—and that he therefore ought to be, and is universally despised. So much for the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, *Martyrs*, *Travels*, &c. Here, then, follows a part of what I have made use of, remembering always that I am not writing *history*, but *poetry*.—Of the “Monumental mounds” he says:

“On a découvert depuis quelques années, dans l’Amérique septentrionale, des monumens extraordinaires sur les bords du Muskingum, du Miami, du Wabache, de l’Ohio, et sur-tout du Scioto, où ils occupent un espace de plus de vingt lieues en longueur. Ce sont des murs en terre avec des fossés, des glacis, des lunes, demi-lunes et de grands cônes qui servent de sépulcres. On a demandé, mais sans succès, quel peuple a laissé de pareilles traces. L’homme est suspendu dans le présent, entre le passé et l’avenir, comme sur un rocher entre deux gouffres: derrière lui, devant lui, tout est ténèbres; à peine apperçoit-il quelques fantômes qui, remontant du fond des deux abîmes, surnagent un instant à leur surface, et s’y replongent pour jamais.”

“Pour nous, amant solitaire de la nature, et simple confesseur de la Divinité nous nous sommes assis sur ces ruines. Voyageur sans renom, nous avons causé avec ces débris, comme nous-même ignorés. Les souvenirs confus des hommes, et les vagues rêveries du désert, se mêlaient au fond de notre

ame. La nuit était au milieu de sa course; tout était muet, et la lune, et les bois, et les tombeaux. Seulement à longs intervalles on entendait la chute de quelque arbre, que la hache du temps abattait, dans la profondeur des forêts: ainsi tout tombe, tout s'anéantit."

"Enfin, ces monumens prennent leurs racines dans des jours beaucoup plus reculés que ceux où l'on a découvert l'Amérique. Nous avons vu sur ces ruines un chêne décrépît, qui avait poussé sur les débris d'un autre chêne tombé à ses pieds, et dont il ne restait plus que l'écorce; celui-ci à son tour s'était élevé sur un troisième, et ce troisième, sur un quatrième. L'emplacement des deux derniers se marquait encore par l'intersection de deux cercles, d'un aubier rouge et pétrifié, qu'on découvrait à fleur de terre, en écartant un épais humus composé de feuilles et de mousses. Accordez seulement trois siècles de vie à ces quatre chênes successifs, et voilà une époque de douze cents années que la nature a gravée sur ces ruines."—*Genie du Christianisme*, Tom. i. pp. 212, 215, 276-7.

As to the nature of the serpent generally, and his taste for Music, in particular, this is the account of our authour:

"Notre siècle rejette avec hauteur tout ce qui tient de la merveille: sciences, arts, morale, religion, tout reste désenchanté. Le serpent a souvent été l'objet de nos observations; et si nous osons le dire, nous avons cru reconnaître en lui cet esprit pervers et cette subtilité que lui attribue l'Écriture. Tout est mystérieux, caché, étonnant dans cet incompréhensible reptile. Ses mouvemens diffèrent de ceux de tous les autres animaux; on ne saurait dire où git le principe de son déplacement, car il n'a ni nageoires, ni pieds, ni ailes; et cependant il fuit comme une ombre, il s'évanouit magiquement, il reparait, disparaît encore, semblable à une petite fumée d'azur, ou aux éclairs d'un glaive dans les ténèbres. Tan-

tôt il se forme en cercle, et darde une langue de feu; tantôt, debout sur l'extrémité de sa queue, il marche dans une attitude perpendiculaire, comme par enchantement. Il se jette en orbe, monte et s'abaisse en spirale, roule ses anneaux comme une onde, circule sur les branches des arbres, glisse sous l'herbe des prairies, ou sur la surface des eaux. Ses couleurs sont aussi peu déterminées que sa marche; elles changent à tous les aspects de la lumière, et comme ses mouvemens, elles ont le faux brillant et les variétés trompeuse de la séduction.

“Plus étonnant encore dans le reste de ses mœurs, il sait, ainsi qu'un homme souillé de meurtre, jeter à l'écart sa robe tachée de sang, dans la crainte d'être reconnu. Par une étrange faculté, il peut faire rentrer dans son sein les petits monstres que l'amour en a fait sortir. Il sommeille des mois entiers, fréquente des tombeaux, habite des lieux inconnus, compose des poisons qui glacent, brûlent ou tachent le corps de sa victime des couleurs dont il est lui-même marqué. Là, il lève deux têtes menaçantes; ici, il fait entendre une sonnette; il siffle comme un aigle de montagne; il mugit comme un taureau. Il s'associe naturellement à toutes les idées morales ou religieuses, comme par une suite de l'influence qu'il eut sur nos destinées: objet d'horreur ou d'adoration, les hommes ont pour lui une haine implacable, ou tombent devant son génie; le mensonge l'appelle, la prudence le réclame, l'envie le porte dans son cœur, et l'éloquence à son caducée; aux enfers il arme les fouets des furies, au ciel l'éternité en fait son symbole; il possède encore l'art de séduire l'innocence; ses regards enchantent les oiseaux dans les airs; et sous la fougère de la crèche, la brebis lui abandonne son lait. Mais il se laisse lui-même charmer par de doux sons; et pour le dompter, le berger n'a besoin que de sa flûte.

“Au mois de juillet 1791, nous voyagions dans le Haut-Canada, avec quelques familles sauvages de la nation des Onontagués. Un jour que nous étions arrêtés dans une grande plaine, au bord de la rivière Génésie, un serpent à sonnettes entra dans notre camp. Il y avait parmi nous un Canadien qui jouait de la flûte; il voulut nous divertir, et s’avança contre le serpent, avec son arme d’une nouvelle espèce. A l’approche de son ennemi, le superbe reptile se forme en spirale, aplatit sa tête, enfle ses joues, contracte ses lèvres, découvre ses dents empoisonnées et sa gueule sanglante; sa double langue brandit comme deux flammes; ses yeux sont deux charbons ardents; son corps, gonflé de rage, s’abaisse et s’élève comme les soufflets d’une forge; sa peau dilatée devient terne et écailleuse; et sa queue, dont il sort un bruit sinistre, oscille avec tant de rapidité, qu’elle ressemble à une légère vapeur.

“Alors le Canadien commence à jouer sur sa flûte, le serpent fait un mouvement de surprise, et retire la tête en arrière. A mesure qu’il est frappé de l’effet magique, ses yeux perdent leur apreté, les vibrations de sa queue se ralentissent, et le bruit qu’elle fait entendre, s’affaiblit et meurt peu à peu. Moins perpendiculaires sur leur ligne spirale, les orbes du serpent charmé, par degrés s’élargissent, et viennent tour à tour se poser sur la terre en cercles concentriques. Les nuances d’azur, de verd, de blanc et d’or reprennent leur éclat sur sa peau frémissante, et tournant légèrement la tête, il demeure immobile dans l’attitude de l’attention et du plaisir.

“Dans ce moment le Canadien marche quelques pas, en tirant de sa flûte des sons doux et monotones; le reptile baisse son cou nuancé, entr’ouvre avec sa tête les herbes fines, et se met à ramper sur les traces du musicien qui l’entraîne, s’arrêtant lorsqu’il s’arrête, et recommençant à le suivre, quand il recommence à s’éloigner. Il fut ainsi conduit hors de notre camp,

au milieu d'une foule de spectateurs tant Sauvages qu'Euro-péens, qui en croyaient à peine leurs yeux, à cette merveille de la mélodie: il n'y eut qu'une seule voix dans l'assemblée, pour qu'on laissât le merveilleux serpent s'échapper."

Ibid. pp. 174—179.



¹⁶ Now, he recalls the lamentable wail,
That pierc'd the shade of Rama's palmy vale,

See *Matthew*, ii. 16—18.

¹⁷ That Mighty Spirit once from Teman came:
Clouds were his chariot, and his coursers flame.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Pa-ran, &c.—See *Habak.* iii. 3—17.

¹⁸ Thou didst descend, and, rolling through the croud,
Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,
And fill the temple, with thy mantling cloud.

And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, (for all the priests that were present were sancti-fied, and did not then wait by course: Also the Levites, which were the singers; all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren; being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets:) It came to pass, as the trum-peters, and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying—For he is good, for his mercy endu-reth forever; that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to min-ister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.—2 *Chron.* v. 11—14.



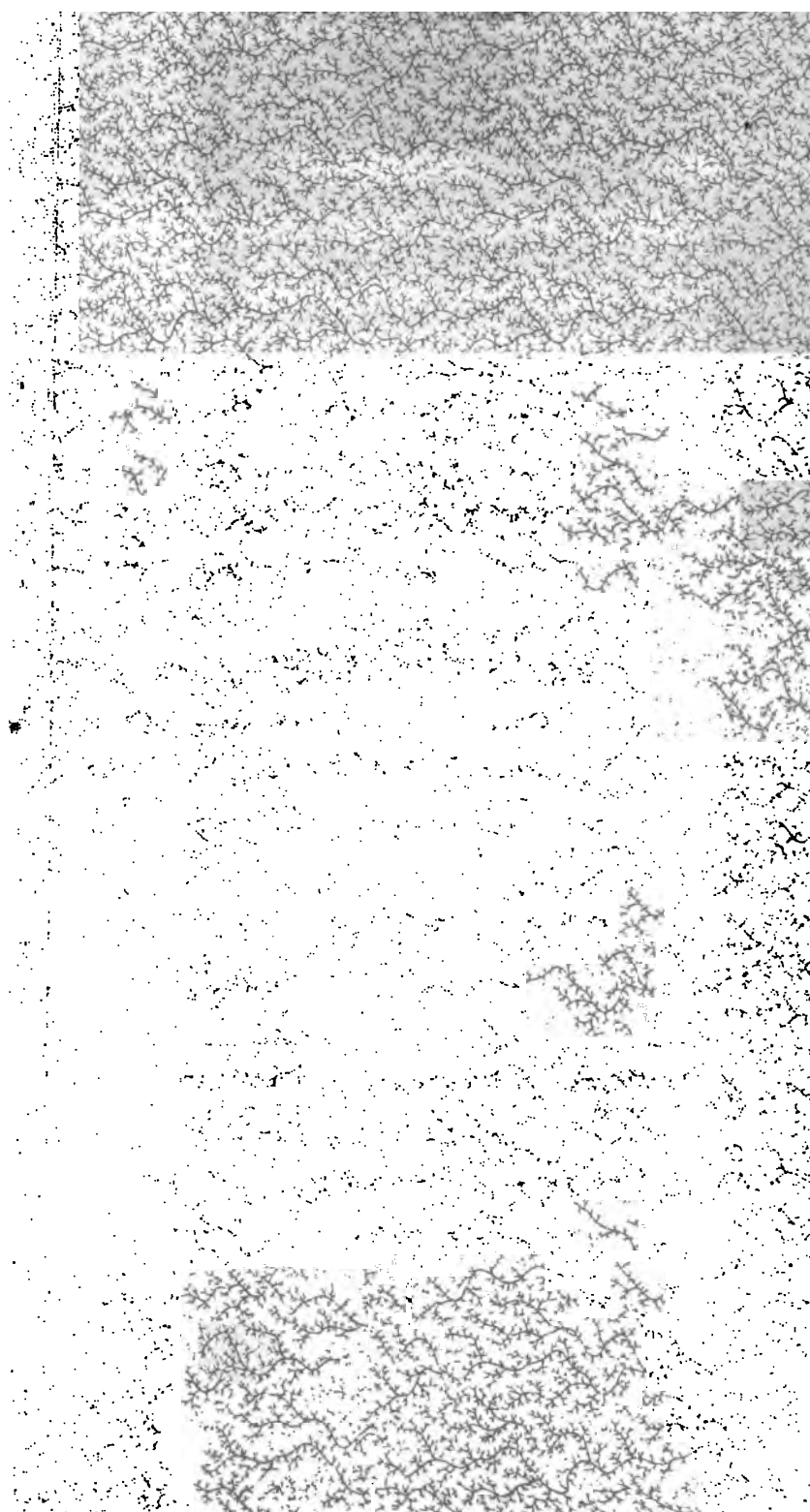
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